VOLUME II.—No. 18.

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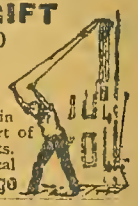

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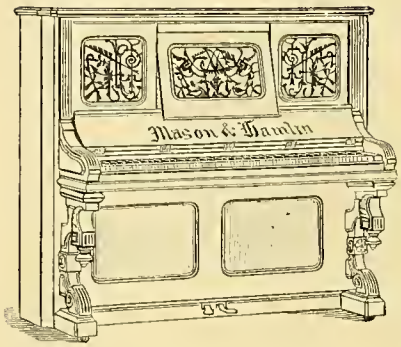

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VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 6, 1891. No. 18

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. JANET E. DAVIDSGN, '92.
CAROLINE FREAR, '93. SARAH S. HICKENLOOPER, '94.
BERTHA DEF. BRUSH, '93. AMY AUGUSTA WHITNEY, Sp.
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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WELLESLEY'S list of scholarships has been increased by the recent gift through the will of Mrs. Eleanor Baker, widow of the late Walter Baker. the great chocolate manufacturer. Mrs. Baker gave a scholarship of seven thousand dollars, and added two thousand dollars to the Walter Baker memorial scholarship of five thousand dollars. This scholarship was founded eleven years ago, and during that time the tuition has been raised and general expenses have increased. Mrs. Baker was a woman of wide interests educational and philanthropic, and her will named many institutions and charities. She has always been a kind friend of Wellesley, and this her last gift is gratefully received and appreciated. The list of scholarships now numbers thirty-one.

Europeans visiting America suffer from the overheated rooms in which they are received and entertained and compelled to live while they remain in our glorious country. Public halls and private dwelling-houses, hotels and railway trains, in fact every place that is heated at all is so overheated that it is excessively uncomfortable for people unaccustomed to that degree of temperature in living rooms, and unhealthy for all, whether used to it or not. Strangers say, "no wonder that your daughters are pale. You fade them out in your hot rooms." If the loss of the roses in their cheeks were the only resulting disadvantage to the daughters, the harm would not be so great after all. But it is the loss of the animation and vitality betokened by the fresh color, which is the most serious. Girls who have work to do,—more than that, work that is brain work,—cannot afford to have their strength sapped by the high temperature of their rooms. Most of our rooms are overheated. The cottages and corridors of College Hall often attain a temperature quite startling when compared with the normal. We become used to living in rooms which are heated far beyond the limiting degree consistent with health, and a trip away from the College for Sunday very frequently means a cold when one returns. When we find that we are living in a warmer temperature than our friends at home, the condition of affairs demands immediate attention. Each student can at least see that her room, where she studies, is kept at a temperature of not over sixty-five or sixty-eight degrees.

In connection with the recent discussion of the subject of examinations, one of our outside subscribers has kindly sent a clipping from the *New York Sun*, which bears upon the question. It is taken from an article on "The Hygiene of School Studies."

"Possibly examinations are the most unhygienic of all school arrangements. The wear and tear tax the nervous system unduly, without securing practical results. Instead of being tests of school

work, examinations have become to a great extent the aim and guiding principle. HUXLEY calls them the educational abomination of the present day. They may have some value when well conducted, detecting weak points and showing how future efforts may become more successful. But they are powerless at any time to demonstrate the best results of a teacher's work, or of his personal influence in mental and moral training, or of that inestimable benefit, an upright and consistent example."

The editorial notes contain frequent suggestions and requests that there be free discussion in the PRELUDE of all questions interesting the girls. These suggestions with rare exceptions, fall flat. Why is this?

The reasons, translated into plain English, are these—

1. The girls have a vague uncomfortable feeling that if they say what they think. they will endanger their standing with the Faculty, Trustees, and the girls, even.

2 It is much easier to grumble in private(;) over real, or supposed wrongs, than to make a statement of them that shall have the test of publicity.

Now is this not somewhat cowardly in the first place, and childish in the second?

A Faculty and Board of Trustees are supposed to have a vital interest in the welfare of the college with which they are connected. Therefore they should desire, and I think do desire, that the girls should have free expression of their ideas for the College's good.

The Student's Association has been told that any misunderstanding, or question of dispute, should be referred to the authorities for its settlement. This is, of course, the only fair thing to be done, and can be done best through the college paper when any number of students are interested. For a verbal explanation is often clothed upon — and often changes its coat, though unintenionally— before it has satisfied the waiting multitude. While, if the PRELUDE is the medium of communication, the girls will look to the reasonableness of their positions, and the explanation may be made in a manner allowing no misunderstanding. In this way the end will be accomplished, losing or gaining only at the hand of the typesetter. I say the end *will* be accomplished, for if changes are desired and can be made, and ought to be made, the turning and overturning should be kept up till they are made.

If Wellesley would adopt "Freedom of the Press" for one of its aims, it might gain freedom from much grumbling, unnatural relations between students and authorities, and from any namby-pamby tendencies which must exist in a paper where the discussions are mere mechanical contrivances of the poor editors.

The numbers of the PRELUDE for this term have shown signs of awakening interest. Let the work go on, and help it in its going. The question of a year ago may not be the question of to-day. still simply as illustration I mention such questions as the lack of electives open to scientifics, the evils of compulsory chapel, the advisability of opening the library Sunday.

Mary Barrows, '90.

A SONG FOR TO-DAY.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

Groweth the morning from gray to gold;
  Up, my heart, and greet the sun!
Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told,
  Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done;

Yesterday's failures are all forgot,
  Buried beneath the billows of sleep;
Yesterday's burdens are as they were not,—
  Lay them low in the soundless deep.

Share thy crust, and ask no dole;
  Offer the cup thou wouldst never drain;
Only he who saveth his soul
  Loseth all that he fain would gain.

Smile with him who has gained his desire;
  Smile the gladder, if at thy cost.
It was his to win and thine to aspire,
  It is his to-day who loved the most.

Pluck the flower that blooms at thy door;
  Cherish the love that the day may send;
Cometh an hour when all thy store
  Vainly were offered for flower or friend.

Gratefully take what life offereth;
  Look to heaven nor seek a reward
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
  Earth and the sky are in sweet accord.

Wellesley College, Mass.

S. S. Times.

A SENIOR REVERIE.

THE CAP AND GOWN.

It was in a Psychology recitation — perhaps. Examples of Association by Similarity were called for. Sleepy-headed girl in the corner decides she will think. Then decides she won't; it is too much trouble; looks out of the window instead.

"Such a wonderful white day; the whole world a white veil with a few dark rents in it which have a strange dim resemblance to trees. Poor trees! they are beautiful for us, but they must be tired of holding up that load of snow, just for the sake of pleasing our study-tired eyes. Wonder how one poor 'ower young' little tree is bearing it,—bending under the weight of its burden I am afraid; the load is so cold and dead and yet so cruelly beautiful. It is as heavy for its strength as beautiful 'Senior dignity' is for ours. Good little tree, loyal in everything, tries to be like the class, even though it hurts. Wonder if there isn't anything to prop up its tired little branches with, either that or some way to shake off the heavy snow. Dear me! this time will never end; must be most mail time. My head is—so—tired."

"Sleepy-headed Senior is one in earnest. She sees vaguely a vision of a tiny tree, its branches propped up by something dark. Blossom! it is—a college gown,—starched very stiff. Little tree looks stronger already, almost dignified.* * * Oh! those miserable girls are laughing at me. They think I've been asleep, what an idea! Guess I'll give them an example of Association of thoughts. * * * What an escape! They're are talking about something else. Don't believe I was listening. Queer idea about that gown. Might almost think it meant something."

Sleepy-headed Senior goes home and thinks.

"Those caps and gowns are a great institution they add at least two feet to everyone's stature, mental, moral and physical. When a girl is arrayed therein, her tender budding dignity is never cruelly blighted by being asked if it is her first year. Just think how much self-respect might be saved, to help onward the progress of the world,—the person without self-respect is proverbially helpless—if all those absurd mistakes might be prevented, merely by wearing a cap and gown between Tree Day and Commencement.

"Then again, the adoring Freshman and Sophomore when presenting the high ideal to her mother might have the satisfaction of seeing her fond parent visibly impressed, and not have to wait an indefinite time before the awe begins to work.

Another purpose which this all-powerful cap and gown might serve would be to enable visitors to readily distinguish between Freshman and Seniors, and so save much dynamic force.

"Yet another mission has Queen Cap and Gown. She banishes all hurtful vain thoughts about apparel, and saves much time for higher ends which might otherwise be spent in deciding,'What shall I wear?'"

"Seriously, my friends, it would be well to consider this question yet this one year more. Commencement time is not so very far off that plans can be characterized, 'Castles in Spain.'

"There is most undeniably a dignity in the Academic cap and gown which no other costume was ever known to give. It means character, earnestness, and scholarly work, all those higher things which we must wish our College life to give us, and which, in the bitter-sweet Commencement time, we must hope to have attained.

"It exerts an indirect influence on the wearer herself, tinging her thoughts with all the highest aspirations which these four years have brought to her, only by the silent eloquence of the memories clustered around it. The girlish face takes on a shade of womanly earnestness, as its black folds remind her of the mystery of life which she is pledging herself to try to solve for herself.

"As in all life, those of us who are looking already back realize, that we have fallen immeasurably below our ideals. In those last days of our College life which shall soon come to us it would mean much to us could we, for a few weeks wear the gown which represents the pledge which we have made to ourselves—the pledge to earnestness, to honest work, to the loving service of God and man. Of this pledge the College cap and gown always has been, and always shall be the visible token. And then, in the years to come, the sight of its simple folds will bring to us a flood of memories of hours consecrated to loving and earnest companionship, of those last hours of ou

life together which are to fix the seal to these for all time.

"There is, undeniably, a practical side to the question. During the busy Commencement season, when there is a constant stream of visitors, the sight of a body of girls wearing scholarly robes must bring to them an impression of earnestness and dignity of character, as well as of appearance, which the years will hardly efface. It would be to them, as it is to us, the expression of all the highest and best of our College life.

Since, therefore, it is to the Senior class the truest expression of all they hold highest, since, too it means to the world outside, in so far as anything on the surface can express what lies within, just what it means to us, the cap and gown would be happily and proudly worn by every one of the class of ninety-one. Reverentially, too, as meaning what we must yet strive to attain, would we wear it; and many a resolve, in many a heart, would folds of the gown cover, that our lives should never profane that of which it is the visible expression."

So thought, at least, the sleepy-headed Senior.

Margarita Spalding, '91.

ONLY.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Only a Devonshire lane.
Shall we follow its twists and turns?
The hedges are high,
Green walls, blue sky
Must content the eye,
Save for the wavering ferns,
Jewelled with rain.

Only a streamlet at end.
Shall we take the willow tree's hint?
See how they dip
To the silvery strip,
While the the tremulous tip
Of the lowermost leaf traces in't
A poem, pretend.

Only a finch to translate,
Bulfinch with rosiest breast.
Stoop on the wing,
Spell it, and sing,
Till the meadowlands ring,
And sweet from invisible nest
Answers thy mate.

Only the song of a bird,
Conned from a song on a stream,
Writ by a leaf—
Poesy brief!
Yet my wearisome grief
Is melted away like a dream.
God has been heard.

New England Magazine, Dec. '90.

I feel as if I were a star,
A lonely star, an evening star,
And all my friends seem very far
In other worlds.

I cannot join ambition's chase,
Or move a pace, or change my place,
I cannot even cloud my face
When others do.

But God has planned my humble course,
I have no choice, I need no force,
For I believe He is the source
Of all that's good.

So let me think less of myself,
Less of the world, the race for pelf,
And let me shine as His dear self
Has bidden me.

Grace Grenell, '93.

A ROMANCE OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

The narrow streets of Barcelona seemed more narrow still, for all the city was astir. Men and women, carrying baskets on their heads, hurried in and out of the crowd. Drays full of fruit pushed against each other, and muleteers shouted at their heavily laden mules, unable to proceed in the throng.

As one approached the street called *La Rambla*, the crowd thickened. For here, in the open square, the great tournament was to be held on the morrow. Rough benches, in amphitheatre style, draped with rich hangings, surrounded an open court, where brazen rings were suspended from long ribbons. Flowers and rich decorations were in abundance, and the final preparations for the coming festivities were nearing completion.

A group of students standing not far from the great square, were crowding about one of their number.

"Back again, Roldan?" they cried. "Is not Spanish soil good to your feet, after the steep paths of Brazil?"

But the conversation soon turned to the all absorbing topic, the coming festival, each wondering what colored ribbon it was wise to hope for,

that he might gain an admittance to the lady of his choice.

For in the small towns of Spain, it is the custom for the noble ladies to embroider, with richest materials and exquisite care, a wide scarf; and of the same material, to make a long silken strip, to which the master of the tournament ties a ring, and hangs it in the open court. The tournament proper consists of a bull-fight and a boat-race; but no less important than these, is the rush for the rings, which constitutes the final action. The winner of a ring claims the scarf which matches the ribbon tied to his ring, the ring being won by catching it on a sword from horse-back. The scarf furnishes a basis of approach to the lady who embroidered it.

Among the University men, therefore, it was a time of much excitement, especially when it was discovered that Roldan de Saldaño had come back from Brazil to his University town to engage in the contest.

"Ah, you ride for Carlota de Riaño to-morrow!" teazingly laughed one of them.

"Yes," replied Roldan, quietly.

At length the group broke up, and emerging from the mass of people Roldan passed on to the gate of the city, and out on the highway. His path led along the base of a thickly wooded ridge; and on the other side, below, and as far out as he could see, lay the blue waters of the Mediterranean. After passing nearly a mile, a smaller road turned abruptly up the mountain side and was lost in the trees.

Here Roldan paused, looking wistfully beyond through the thick foliage, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the marble fountain and gray turrets of which he had so often thought during the past year. Once he started to ascend the hill, but almost immediately he turned back, the lines of his lips grew a trifle firmer, and he murmured, half aloud, "Not to-day, but perhaps to-morrow."

Beyond the trees, in the centre of the well-known court, stood Carlota de Riaño, her dark curling hair sparkling with the spray of the fountain. Near her, resting on the marble basin, was her cousin Guido, while facing the two was an older man, who bore a strong likeness to Guido. A family resemblance was visible in the three faces, but a stranger would have been surprised when he learned that the older man was the father of Carlota instead of Guido, for the same expression of haughtiness and dogged obstinacy marked the faces of the two men.

Carlota's father had been speaking, and his last words still sounded in the afternoon stillness.

"I am weary of your wilfulness. A girl of your age should have been married long ago. *Santa Maria!* Will you wait forever for a man beyond the seas? You have sent your ribbon to the festival to-morrow. Hear me. I shall wait no longer. If Guido brings me the scarf, he shall marry you."

Carlota turned a shade paler. She knew her father would keep his promise. She knew that if Guido won the scarf only two courses would be open to her, marriage to Guido or disinheritance. It did not occur to her to complain. Other fathers arranged their daughter's marriages; other women had married men whom they despised. She did not despise Guido; she did not even hate him. He was nothing to her. No one was anything to her but this "man beyond the seas."

Had he kept his word? Had he come as he promised to win her scarf, and thus demand the right to see her? And if he had not—but her father was waiting for some answer. She had never resisted his will. She knew this was only a pretext to unite the two remaining heirs of the Riaño household and their dwindling estates. Her father had long wished to bring this about. Perhaps Roldan had forgotten to come. Perhaps he had forgotten her. She had not heard from him since her father drove him away one year before. And if he had forgotten her, she must marry some one. All Spanish girls must. She had often been told that. Yes, perhaps he had forgotten to come. But even as her doubt was admitted, her heart rose in rebellion and cried: "He will come; he will win my blue ribbon as he promised!" Her eyes flashed with sudden purpose. She turned to her father and said slowly: "I will marry the man who brings you the scarf."

CHAPTER II.

The city was crowded again, more crowded than yesterday; but to-day pleasure, not business, was

uppermost. Flower girls of Valencia and gypsies of Andalusia pushed here and there, and the gay peasantry were resplendent with bright colors and cheap jewelry.

The bull-fight of the morning had passed off with due hilarity, and the victors in the boat-race were the lions of the hour. There only remained now, of the day's festivities, the final plunge for the rings. The contestants were all together at one side of the open court, mounted on richly caparisoned horses. Every now and then a rose or other souvenir was tossed down from a booth of ladies. For, despite the custom which makes it a social crime for a man to call at the home of a lady to whom he is not betrothed, the Spanish lady may very openly express her interest at such festive times.

Carlota had appeared early at the tournament. She had taken her place at the hideous bull-fight, scanning with tense eagerness, not the loathsome struggle, with its three bloody acts, but the long rows of men, in search of that well-known stranger face.

At the boat-race her attention was equally divided; but although the crowd of University men seemed to increase every moment, the tall student form of Roldan de Saldaño did not appear among them.

As Carlota whirled through the streets to the Amphitheatre, from the bay where the race took place, her excitement increased at every turn. She was conducted by the guide to her booth, and seated among her gay companions. She could hardly speak to them without betraying her excitement. She hardly dared lift her eyes to the Knight's-stand, and yet she could not keep herself from looking. There were so many there; she could not make them out; yet she knew at a glance that Roldan was not among them. Even as she looked another rider appeared. Would he never look up? Yes. It was her cousin Guido. A wave of repulsion passed over her. Oh, Roldan, will you not come? She almost cried aloud.

Just then one of her friends spoke to her.

"Carlota, what do you see that makes you so serious? Those spears will not hurt any one."

"Carlota is still grieving over the horse the bull gored," laughed another. "You should go to see a cock-fight, Carlota. Bull-fights are nothing when one has seen them."

The trumpet resounded and the band began a lively strain. Carlota turned half dazed. The gates were closing. The contestants were taking their positions, each keeping his eye fixed on the ribbon of his choice. Carlota saw her own blue ribbon quite distinctly.

Once more she scanned the whole line. Was that another horse at the very end of the line? She was too far distant to recognize the face of the rider, but surely there had been no coal-black horse before. She looked for Guido. She could just distinguish him by his white horse. The whole air became dense. The rustle of the multitude was almost imperceptible. The sea of fans moved up and down like waves.

"*Silencio*," cried the President.

It was not necessary. No one was speaking. The trumpet blew for the last time.

Carlota saw the line dash forward; a flash of extended swords, a trace of a coal-black horse and a white one. Then the swords clashed against the rings, the ribbons swayed and snapped.

The multitude stood on its feet. It laughed, it shouted, it clapped its hands. Carlota wondered why.

The Court in front of her was soon empty, for the winners had gone to claim their scarfs. Still Carlota experienced that sensation of black and white. What was it? Why did she always see black and white? Oh, there were two horses of that color. Now there was something blue between them. She forced herself to look and see what it meant. Two horses were coming toward her. One was black and the other was white. Their riders held their swords extended and the swords were bound together, and there seemed to be something blue about them too. She looked at the faces of the riders and she recognized them both.

With the recognition her understanding returned. Each held a drawn sword in his hand. The swords were bound together by being thrust far through one ring. Tied to the ring, and trailing between the black horse and the white one, was a long blue ribbon.

Myrtilla Avery, '91.

BALLAD SOUNDS.

Sound is evanescent, for it leaves no visible impress save on memory, but by memory it is deeply stamped in the narrative literature of all times. From ballad sounds that ring as clearly in our ears to-day as in their ears who heard and wrote them down five centuries ago, we may construct the life and nature of the vigorous English race from which they sprang. A race that lived an out door life and seemed most often on the war path or the hunt; sensitive only to the side of nature like themselves, pronounced and somewhat savage.

"They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea."
"As he rade over yon hie hie hill,
And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water
Wad feared a hundred men."

It was the roar of wind and wave they heard; never the low whisper of the breeze among the tree-tops, nor the laughing prattle of the brooks, on shallow bottoms paved with pebbles.

"When they were in the gay greenwood,
They heard the mavis sing;
When they were up aboon the brae,
They heard the kirk-bells ring."
"The sun looks in o'er the hill-head,
An' the laverock is liltin' sae gay;
Get up, get up, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye've lain till it's lang o' the day."

Only the more persistent bird-notes caught their ear; the sharp note of the mavis (thrush) is often heard, but never once the soaring music of the sky-lark. Perhaps the English meadows then were not so broad as now, and our modern songster did not love the shady forest.

A loud-voiced, deep-lunged race were ballad men, whether sitti g over cups of wine at home, or on some desperate foray far away.

"The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he,
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e."

Plainly we see the lusty, grand old knight, type of the noblest manhood of his time, and hear his hearty laughter. As plainly do we hear the peal of trumpets and the cry of clans in Kinmont Willie's rescue.

"'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;
Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie'!
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?
Then speedily to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'."

Strong men know anguish sometimes; women and little children always. No woman's laugh is heard in any ballad, but many a woman weeps an ineffectual protest against her wrongs and sorrows. Yet when she speaks her voice is brave and steady, and no woman in all literature is more courageous. A picturesque and stirring life they had, those stalwart men and spirited fair women; a life rich in splendor and dramatic charm. We feel it in the horns forever ringing over their woodlands, in the twang of harps, the sound of dancing, and the four and twenty siller bells on every horse's mane. A land of churches too, was theirs. The kirk-bells, even-song bells, dead-bells are seldom silent. Every green hill has its chapel, as every buried corpse its ghost.

"Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.'
"'The cock doth craw the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
'Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide?"

Strange sounds men heard in those old days—the cries of demons, witches, elves, and murdered men. The horror of their record clings about them even for the mind made sceptical by modern science.

"She's turned her richt and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;
And she sware by the moon, and the stars aboon,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.
Then out she has taen a silver wand,
And she's turned her three times round and round;
She's mutter'd sic words that my strength it failed,
And I fell down senseless on the ground."
"And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln

Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln
Were read without men's tongue;
Never was such a burial
Sin' Adam's days begun."

Much that goes to make up modern sound is wanting—the hum of factories, the roar of city streets, the whistle of engines, the rattle of farming machines, the very whetting of the scythe. The fanciful and lighter phase of life to us was with them its serious business. The England of the ballad days was a land of courtiers, hunters, and outlaws brave but fierce; of courteous knights, heroic but injured women, and disregarded children; a land in which minstrels' harps, priests' bells, and witches' curses had full sway.

Alice A. Stevens, '91.

ERIC.

It was night in a southern land; the moon threw her clear soft light over the lake that shimmered and glistened like molten silver; the great pile of stone buildings by its side looked looked gray and mysterious. All was silent. The monks were sleeping.

Up the gravel path that lay white in the moonlight a dark figure slowly wended its way toward the great gate. It was a slight, delicate figure; occasionally it would stop, hesitate and seem almost ready to flee away; then it would turn and walk on again with a resolute step. At last the gate was reached and the figure sat down to wait, not daring to make a sound that should echo and re-echo through those gray cloisters. One hour, two hours passed and it was time for matins.

Suddenly, with a sound so startling that the figure rose involuntarily to its feet, a bell pealed out into the night. It was a beautiful musical bell with echoes vibrating across the lake. The figure by the gate listened and looked through the iron grating. Presently a long line of shrouded monks came slowly down the cloister and, turning aside before they reached the gate, went in to their devotions.

The last of the line had reached the door and was turning in, when something attracted his attention. He looked up for an instant and then walked silently to the gate, turned the ponderous key and opened the grating just enough to get a better view of the stranger standing outside. What he saw was a beautiful boy with hair like gold and clear white features.

The old man gazed awhile and then silently motioned the boy to enter and follow him. They went into the dimly lighted Chapel, and the boy took his place in a corner apart from the others and listened; listened to the solemn chant and the rise and fall of the priest's voice. At last it was over and the same aged man who had brought the boy in came and led him out again; led him through long winding corridors to a little cell where, without uttering a word, he made him understand that he was to stay for the rest of the night.

The next morning the abbot visited the cell and when he was gone the boy came out and took his place among the brethren and it was understood that he was to stay with them and learn their life and way's and that sometime he would become one of them. If they needed to address him they might call him Eric. One of the brothers was to be his teacher.

That day an hour before sundown he went to his lesson down the long garden path beneath the overhanging trees to a little room all by itself behind the Chapel. The door stood open and the boy walked in. It was a small white room and its only furniture was a table and two chairs. In one of the chairs a young man with a wonderfully beautiful face was sitting. When the shadow of the figure in the doorway fell across the floor, he looked up and a pair of clear brown eyes looked into the boy's blue ones with pure peaceful light. The sunshine came in at the window and touched the two with its golden fingers tangling itself in the boy's hair. There was a moment's stillness, then the young monk spoke and the daily lessons were begun.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, the lessons were given in the little room until a year had passed. The boy remained much the same, but the man was changed. The brown eyes had become restless and seemed always to be seeking something they could not find. When they looked into the boy's they saw visions of

another life, a life of action of noble deeds of sacrifice for others; a life that made the monk's life seem dwarfed and selfish. When the lesson for the day was over he would sit with his head in his hands, quite still, but in his heart he was puzzled, doubtful, restless and his blood seemed all on fire.

One day the boy had left his lessons just as the sun was setting to go to his evening task. As he went up the garden path another figure came down. It was the great bishop who was visiting the monastry. When the two drew near the boy made a deep obeisance, but he did not kiss the offered hand. The great man looked intently at the figure before him, said a few words in a low voice and then walked on. The delicate white face grew scarlet to the roots of the golden hair and the slight little figure disappeared in the shrubbery at the side of the path.

Four hours later the moon was again shining on the lake and the great gray buildings. Down among the trees in the monastry garden a man was walking—a man with great restless brown eyes. He walked up and down tormenting himself with doubts and questionings. At last he left the path and turned into the shrubbery. He pushed on through the bushes regardless of the stinging smart as the twigs struck him in the face. Suddenly he came upon a corner of the high old wall where there were some projecting stones that might offer a dangerous foot-hold to a daring climber. But what was that which lay still at the foot of the wall, a white face turned up to the sky. He fell on his knees beside it.

"Eric! dead! It cannot be."

He stooped, looked closely at the face and started back with a cry. Death had revealed a secret. It was a woman's face that looked up at him.

That night the bell rang out, and the monks went to matins, but two were missing.

Rachael R. Hartwell, '91.

The new public library of the University of Pennsylvania has lately been opened. The city of Philadelphia contributed the land for the building, and 100,000 books have been bought with a fund raised by private subscription.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The editors of the Prelude are glad to say that Miss Bertha De Forest Brush, editor '93, returned to College last week. Miss Roberta Allen, '94, also returned last week; Miss Catherine Collins returned on Tuesday last; and Miss Anna Tomlinson, formerly of '92, who has been away since last year, has returned to join '93.

Miss Clelia Mosher, Miss Katherine Lord, Miss Caroline Eveleth, Miss Sadie Dewing and Miss Rosa Allen, all of '93, have left College on account of ill health. Miss Lord expects ro return for the spring term, and Miss Eveleth and Miss Mosher hope to return next year. Miss Annette Harris has also left College, on account of the illness of her father, Prof. Harris, of Amherst.

Miss Noyes' health is better, but she will not be able to return to Wellesley to take charge of her classes this year. She is now at Colorado Springs, and intends soon to go farther south. Her class in Psychology has received a letter from her, in which she says she hopes to be with them in June.

Miss Helen Nourse, '89, spent a day at Wellesley last week. Miss Anne Bosworth, '90, spent from Friday to Sunday with Miss Dempsey, '90 at Wood. She attended the regular meeting of Phi Sigma on Saturday evening. Miss Alice Jones, formerly of '92, spent from Tuesday to Friday of last week at College Hall, with Miss Lucy Dow, '92. Miss Jones expects to return next year to join '93.

Miss F. May West has resigned her position as editor-in-chief of the Legenda, on account of ill health; and has gone home to rest for two or three weeks.

On Monday evening, February ninth, the Chapel Fund Association will give a unique entertainment in the Chapel. It will be an exact reproduction of a high caste wedding in Japan. The ceremony of a Japanese wedding is a very impressive one. It lasts about an hour, and is accompanied throughout by soft, sweet music. In every detail it will adhere strictly to reality. This entertainment is different from anything which has been given before at Wellesley, and it is hoped that every member of the Chapel Fund Association,—tha is, every member of the College, will give her hearty support to it, and invite all friends within inviting distance. Then, who knows how soon the Chapel will begin to rise before our very eyes!

Miss Leavitt gave a lunch to the Domestic Economy Class on Monday, January twenty-sixth, at her home in Cambridge. The only guests outside the class were their teacher, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Palmer.

Wednesday night of last week was a night of general joy and celebration, for the end of examinations had come. Sleigh-rides, candy-pulls and card-parties abounded and there were many other festivities. Simpson amused itself by dramatic representations. Two burlesques, adaptations from Shakespeare, were given and some very clever hits were made. The guests consisting of the remainder of the household, attended in full Opera costume, and gave the affair a festive appearance.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Nias, the Stone Hall girls had a candy-pull Saturday evening, Jan. 31. During the latter part of the afternoon odors suggestive of molasses candy were wafted through the house and when the girls reached the kitchen at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Nias had the candy well under way. The girls busied themselves with shelling peanuts until the candy was ready to pull, and then the fun began. There were as many different ways of pulling as there were girls. the merriment lasted all the evening, and the girls went to their rooms, each with her plate of candy, somewhat weary with their exertions, but pleased with the results.

Mrs. Ingalls, who for forty years has been a missionary to Burmah. addressed the college, last Sunday evening, on her work in that country. She spoke particularly of her first admission to the "Golden Court," at Mandalay, She was entrusted with a Bible sent as a present from Queen Victoria to the "First Queen of Burmah. After an interesring description of her reception at the royal harem, Mrs. Ingalls told of the successes which have crowned the missionary efforts of herself and her eleven Bible women and preachers, up to the present time. Owing to the work of missionaries, Burmah, which forty years ago was closed to the influences of Christianity, is now open to receive the Gospel and contains one hundred thousand native nominal Christians.

Miss Jessie Reid, '84, spent Sunday at Freeman with Miss Maria Baldwin, Miss Mabel Hall and Miss Mary Fuller formerly of '92 spent the Sabbath with Miss Madelin Freeman at Stone Hall. Miss Mabel Curtis also was at Wellesley for Sunday and attended the regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Soctety.

The next concert will be a Vocal Recital on Feb. 16 by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, always a prime favorite here. It is understood that she gives this concert in a complimentary to the College, and especially to the Department of Music, and will accept no renumeration, and this is not the first instance of her generosity in this direction. She says, to Prof. Hill, "You must allow me to do this for my own pleasure. I love to sing at Wellesley College more than most places I know of." She will, we are sure, meet with a warm reception.

Last Saturday evening Phi Sigma initiated Miss Effie Banta '91 into its membership.

On Wednesday afternoon a goodly number of people from the College joined the throngs at the meeting of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association held in Boston, to hear one of their Professors speak. Professor Morgan addressed the audience, not on the subject of "Woman's Rights," but told in her own interesting and animated way, what Wellesley is trying to do for women. She spoke briefly of the similarity of work at Wellesley to that of other colleges, and then spoke of its peculiar characteristics. She mentioned several entertaining incidents that gave an insight into the eollege life, outlined the work of the alumnæ and spoke hopefully of the future work for the women of Wellesley College.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Feb. 1, Dr. Wolcott Calkins, of Newton, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Matt. 13: 44-46.

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On Thursday, Jan. 29, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Dr. Mix, of Wellesley, conducted the services in the Chapel, and preached from the text, Matt. 3: 2, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

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A lecture was given in the Chapel, Jan. 31, on "The Tendencies of German Literature from the Crusades to the Reformation" by Prof. Francke of Harvard University. At the time of the Crusades the glory of the Empire had decayed, the Church was fast losing its hold, and the three centuries which followed produced no great names in German Literature, but merely paved the way for Gœthe, Heine, and the prose masters. There was, however, considerable development in lyric and descriptive poetry, in the drama, and in prose. The Volkslieder, which had their beginning in the thirteenth century among the *minnisingers*, were the product of individual effort, and were concerned with all the events of life. They are anonymous, but display the individuality of the writer, his station in life, and his personal experiences. In style they are unpretentious, direct, simple, almost laconic. Another development of this period is a collection of fables, which give minute descriptions of every-day happenings and unimportant events with great lifelikeness and directness. The religious drama owes its origin to the festivals and symbolic representations of the Church, and was in its earliest form sublime and ideal in character. The plays were given in the churches by the clergy, and were essentially allegoric. But, in the fifteenth century they greatly degenerated, and in a

remarkable manner blended secular and local with religious history, becoming at the same time both realistic and satirical. The tendency of the prose of this period was to give voice to public sentiment in regard to matters of the day, and most of it was concerned with the religious reforms of which Berthold von Regensburg was one [of the leaders. Eckhardt was the first pantheistic philosopher of modern history. Lotte combined the scattered efforts of his predecessors, and created the world of thought in which we now live.

* * *

HON. John D. Long, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and honorary member of the Class of '91, gave a lecture before the College Friday evening, Jan. 30, on the subject of "Congress." He spoke chiefly of method, of legislation in the House of Representatives. Very little legislation begins at Washington, but really originates with local constituent politics. All business is done by the initiation of bills, of two kinds, public and private. Of these seven-eighths are of a private nature, most of which are indirect claims on the United States treasury, such as the pension bills. Of the bills of public interest, those which refer to the election of members, the raising of revenue, and appropriation of money take precedence. Bills which are not privileged are of three classes, those which are so trivial that they are passed by unanimous consent; those which are so important that they carry themselves, such as bills for instant relief or for supplying deficiencies; and lastly, all other bills, of every degree of importance. All measures proposed are given into the charge of committees, which are appointed by the Speaker. There are forty standing committees; the most important are the Committees on Elections, Ways and Means, Appropriations, and Rules. These committees meet, hear petitions and testimony of experts, present their reports, and place the bills upon the calendar to be discussed in their turn. The chairman of the committee is absolute master of the situation by directing and limiting the debate. The whole session of Congress would frequently be concerned only with bills of privilege, were there not certain means of expediting business. A day may be set apart for the consideration of an important bill; a committee may have a day assigned to it, for debating the bills referred to it; and one day in each month a member may ask to have a bill discussed by suspension of the rules. There are many hindrances to speedy and just legislation,—the aristocratic power of the speaker who decides the precedence of both measures and members; the absolute tryanny of party; the delays caused by conflicting interests of different sections; the great number of bills introduced —at the rate of twenty bills a day—in addition to the bills coming from the Senate. Mr. Long throughout the lecture gave interesting illustrations of political methods, and before closing, gave a clear and graphic account of one day's proceedings in the House. But, he said, Congress is not to be judged by one session, but by years. Just as far as the demands of the country unify and make themselves felt, Congress responds to those demands. Whenever any thought is crystalized and public opinion educated and Congress no longer encounters conflicting opinions, just and wise laws are enacted according to the best sentiment of the American people.

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The regular meeting of the Art society, postponed from Jan. 17, was held Jan. 31, in the Art Library. Prof. Morgan continued the subject which she had taken up at the previous meeting. "The Madonna in Art." The Piatà, and Assumption of the Virgin, were the sub-topics of the evening. In her talk, Prof. Morgan defended the Piatà picture against the supposition that they do not properly belong to High Art, and spoke of the growth of the Adoration of the Virgin in the Romish church. The Piatà Votive, and Assumption pictures were discussed by Miss Morse, and Miss Marot. Following the regular programme a short discussion took place of the pictures and their significance, in which Prof. Morgan and Prof. Denio took an interesting part. The Art Society are highly favored in having heard Prof. Morgan on a subject so enjoyable in itself, and one on which she has spent so much time and thought.

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The regular meeting of the Microscopical and Scientific Society was held Saturday evening, Jan. 31, in Prof. Whiting's private labratory. Owing to the nearness of the birthday of Charles Darwin, which comes on the 12th of Feb., the meeting was entirely given up to an account of the life, character and work of this great scientist. A very interesting biographical sketch was read by Miss Upham, and this was followed by a comparison of Darwin and Newton, written by Miss Newcomb. Although, because of the shortness of the time which has elapsed since the death of Charles Darwin, it may be impossible to justly compare the importance of his work with that of Newton, yet many interesting points of resemblance, both in life and work may be traced between these two great men. Miss Louise Edwards read some extracts from an article by Prof. Huxley, entitled "The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species," in which he shows very clearly what a great change has taken place in the minds of the people at large, respecting the theories which were first set forth in the books of Mr. Darwin. Where once there was only scorn and ridicule, there is now a least respectful attention, if not belief. The President of the Society, Miss Emily Brown, then read a pape giving in a few words the principal arguments in favo

of the theory of evolution as presented by Mr. Darwin. The meeting was then adjourned after a most interesting and profitable evening. Many of the members of the Society remained to look at some fine slides under the microscope, and at the invitation of Prof. Whiting went into the Physical Lecture Room, where three pictures of interest, to all admirers of Charles Darwin, were thrown upon the screen. One was a view of the plant house where so many of Mr. Darwin's experiments were made, a second gave a glimpse of his last home, in England, and the third was a picture of Charles Darwin himself, taken near the close of his life.

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The regular meeting of the Shakespear Society was held at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, January 31st, in Room X. The subject was "The Elizabethan and Greek Tragedy." The following program was was carried out:

Shakespear News, - - - Miss Osborne.
Origin and Character of Greek Tragedy, - - - - - - Miss Baldwin.
Reading from "The Libation Pourers" of Æschylus, - - - Miss Holbrook.
Comparison of Characters, Orestes and Hamlet, - - - Miss Palmer.
Dramatic Representation from Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1. Hamlet, Miss Pierce.
Ophelia, - - - - Miss Squires.

Plays to be studied. Hamlet:

Trilogy of Æschylus, { Agamemnon. The Libation Pourers. Eumenides.

Orestes of Euripides.
Electra of Sophocles.

Topic for general discussion, Comparison of Greek and Elizabethan Tragedy.

(*a.*) As to form.
(*b.*) As to spirit.

* * *

After the invitation to meet Mrs. Stanley at the Art Building not many days ago, the Seniors scarcely expected to be so soon the recipients of other favors from the same source. But on the afternoon of February second another delightful courtesy was extended to them by the Faculty. From two to five o'clock on the second floor centre might have been seen happy groups of hostesses, girls and guests. And above on the third floor the small tables, with their dainty flowers, enticed all to gather round and be refreshed. Among the guests from away were Dr. N. G. Clark and Miss Clark, Dr. L. B. Schwartz, Mrs. W. Hammond, Miss Reynolds, Miss Williams, of Salem, Mass., Prof Sewell, of Braintree, Mass., Mrs. Hardy and Miss Verplank, of Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet, and Miss Clark, Secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Mrs. Jackson.

* * *

The concert of Monday evening, February second, was one long to be remembered by those so fortunate as to be present. Mme. Helen Hopekirk who aroused such enthusiasm by her playing here four or five years since, returned to us after spending the intervening time in severe study of the piano and composition under the greatest masters of Vienna. Much was expected after the report of her great success in playing at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was any one disappointed. The first thing evident was the wonderful increase of strength, of touch, and brilliancy of execution and endurance. It seems almost incredible that, after giving a most exacting programme of nearly two hours in Boston in the afternoon, one could with only a very short interval of rest sustain another in the evening of an equally arduous nature, and show no signs of flagging. When all was so artistically done, it is hard to specify as to the particular excellence. The Beethoven Sonata received a broad, noble treatment—more moderate and dignified than is frequently given by great pianists. The Chopin numbers were played with the characteristic grace and delicacy that specially belong to them and it were hard to conceive of anything more entrancing, The variations of Nawratil were masterly as examples of Counterpoint and involved Harmony, but were, although pleasing, rather beyond the understanding of the audience. Her own numbers were delicious, and captivated all. While in the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodie she rose to the heroic demands of the piece, both as to conception and execution, and carried the audience by storm. The following is the programme:

BEETHOVEN	Sonate Appassionata, F minor, Op. 57
CHOPIN	Mazurka, A minor Nocturne, C sharp minor Valse, A flat Etude, A flat Ballade, G minor
NAWRATIL	Variations, C minor, Op. 15
H. HOPEKIRK	Schlummerlied, F major Pastorale, D major
RUBINSTEIN	Polonaise, "Le Bal"
LESCHETIZKY	Canzonetta Toscana All' Antica Siciliano, G minor
MENDELSSOHN-LISZT,	Auf Flügeln Des Gesanges
LISZT	Rhapsodie, No. 12

TWO QUESTIONS.

The Butterfly said to the Katydid
"I always wonder why,
As butter has not any wings,
They say the butter fly?"

The Katydid replied, "Alas!
To me the reason's hid;
And can you tell what it is
They say Katy did?" —*Brunonian.*

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

The first lecture in the course to be given by Miss Kitty Paine Jones, '84, for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund, will be given in Boston, at the parlors of the Y. W. C. A., building, No. 68 Warrenton Street, (near Tremont Street,) Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 3rd, at 3.30. Subject:—Greek, Roman, and Italian Painting before 1300.

Miss Dora Farnham, student at Wellesley, '82-'84, has lately left her position as teacher in the High School at Auburn, Me., and is now studying Medicine in Boston University. Miss Lulu Hutchins, student in Wellesley, '88-'90, has taken Miss Farnham's place at the Auburn High School.

Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Rockford, '85, has recently moved to Chicago, where her husband has a position in the High School.

BORN.

At School Station, Texas, Jan. 11, a son to Mrs. Jessie Cable Morse, student at Wellesley, '87-'89.

MARRIED.

Adams–Barrett.—At the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City, Jan. 28, at high noon, Cornelia R. Adams, student at Wellesley, '87-'88, to John D. Barrett.

DIED.

At Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 11, Maud Harriet Stockbridge, student at Wellesley, '88-'89.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Dartmouth is to admit women as special students.

Yale furnished Princeton's first three presidents.

Pomona College, California has inaugurated a College Senate on Amherst's plan.

Out of a total of 365 colleges in the United States, 271 are denominational.

A very fine Art Museum, to cost $150,000, is to be added to the Stanford University by Mrs. Leland Stanford.

Three-fifths of the faculty at Harvard are in favor of the reduction of the course of study to three years.

The Columbia Seniors will present the college with a window in memory of Alexander Hamilton.

Over 17,000 copies of the Harvard University catalogues have been sent over the United States and foreign countries.

Lectures in Volapuk are now delivered at Yale which is the first American college to add the language to its ucrriculum.—*Ex.*

New York University has two of its professors in Berlin investigating the researches of Prof. Koch.

American colleges derive two-fifths of their income from students, while English Universities only get one tenth from that source.

The library at Cornell contains 140,000 volumes, and is said to have the finest collection of works on French history that can be found outside of France.

The trustees of the Vermont State College have voted to admit young women to a special course, and already one has applied for admission.

Bates College of Lewiston, Me., has recently adopted the representative form of government.

OUR EXCHANGES.

My Lady Birch.

Oh, my Lady Birch is slender and fair,
Her gowns are as fine as empresses wear.
I saw her last spring in the height of May,
'Twas jocund green she wore that day.
When grapes ripe for vintage hung on the vine,
In golden damask she made herself fine.
I saw her at Yule tide, even the queen
Wore not such sparkling jewels, I ween.
And fairest of all she seemed that night,
For the frost had clothed her in bridal white.

The Unit.

Snow-bound.

There is a stillness where the shadows glide
Across the face of the new-fallen snow;
The pilgrim winds have found their rest beside
The ancient forest bending dark and low
Under its burden. Each ice-shackled tree
Lifts to the moon its branches gaunt and bare
As if to ask her blessing; silently
Beneath its icy-tomb the river there
Glideth away to where the ocean calls
And moans forever in its cavern-halls.

Yale Literary Magazine.

An Exception.

Logicians say that no phrase means
At once both YES and NO.
But they are not correct, it seems,
As one short phrase will show.

(Where it meant "yes.")

I sat one eve with Maud, a miss
Who's pretty, sweet, and coy;
Said I, "Maude, dare I steal a kiss?"
She said, "You silly boy."

(Where it meant "no.")

And in a little while I said,
"Art angry, dear, at me?"
She smiled, and laughed, and shook her head,
"You silly boy," said she.

Cornell Era.

WABAN RIPPLES.

On good authority—that of a Harvard man—we have it, that Vassar girls do not end their prayers in the orthodox fashion—"World without end, Amen," but say instead, "World without men, ah me."

At the Oculist's.

Anxious Aunt: "Oh! come here quick! And how did he say yer eyes war? Did he say ye had a waterfall on yer eye?"

Janitor: (excitedly) "Did you see a man with one eye named Periwinkle just go by?"

Cool Bystander: "Can't you tell me the name of his other eye?"

She was a Sophomore of '93—
And a gay Junior of Andover, he—
As polite and gallant as a Junior could be.
"Would you like to see the 'Mirror'?", he said,
As the way to the reading room he led.
She clasped her hands with a look of woe;
"Is my hat on crooked? Oh, do tell me no!"

The Vital Question.

Does it pay to go coasting, I wonder,—when
Its such a come-down to walk up, again?

Anxious Committee-woman: "Have you seen Miss M——? She is wanted to sit on the committee."

Nonchalant Sophomore: "Oh, she will sit on the committee fast enough, when she gets there!"

Junior: (to room-mate) "Don't you think it would be pretty to have my picture taken in an old fashioned gown?"

Room-mate: "Oh, beautiful!"

Junior: "Would you wear the light silk if you were me?"

Room-mate: "No; I think I should wear the Moiré Antique."

The Refusal Courteous.

The way it was long; the night it was cold,
Yet I had asked the question—been so bold—
But promptly and sweetly I then was told
To hold her mitten while she fixed her veil fold.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Dickenson, Poems. [2d. ed.]
Burgess, Pol. sci. & compar. constit. law.
Müller, Pahlavi texts.
Gaina Sûtras.
Vinaya texts.
Griffs, Honda the Samurai.
Frink, Address commerative of R. H. Mather.
[*Cross*,] Scenes of clerical life; Silas Marner.
Farrar, Art topics. [3d. ed]
Sully, Outlines of psychology. [2d. ed.]
Ward, Reign of Queen Victoria.
Stubbs, Lect. on medæval & mod. hist.

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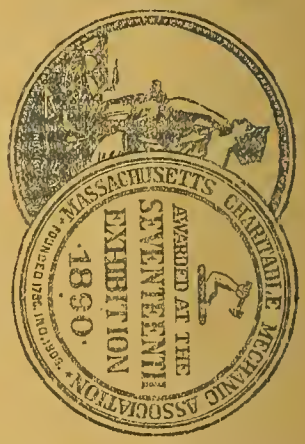

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